La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou liest, Queene Margaret saw
Thy bloudy faulchion smoking in his bloud,
The which thou once did bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her slaunderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.
La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloudie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king? *Glo.* I grant yea.
La. Dost graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou mayest be damnd for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen, that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.
La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bedchamber.
La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.
La. I hope so.
Glo. I know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kinde incounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths,
Of these Plantagenets, Henrie and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect,
Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest one houre in your sweete bosome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beautie from my cheekes.
Glo. These eies could neuer indure sweet beauties wracke,
You

You should not blemish them
As all the world is cheered b
So I by that, it is my day, my l
La. Blacke night ouershad
Glo. Curse not thy selfe fai
La. I would I were to be
Glo. It is a quarrell most v
To be reuengd on him that l
La. It is a quarrell iust and
To be reuengd on him that sl
Glo. He that bereft thee l
Did it to helpe thee to a bett
La. His better doth not b
Glo. Go to, he liues that l
La. Name him. *Glo.* Pla
La. Why that was he.
Glo. The selfe same name,
La. Where is he?
Glo. Heere.
Why dost thou spit at me?
La. Would it were mortall
Glo. Neuer came poyson f
La. Neuer hung poyson o
Out of my sight, thou dost i
Glo. Thine eies sweete La
La. Would they were Ba
Glo. I would they were tha
For now they kill me with a
Those eies of thine, from min
Shamed their aspect with stor
I neuer sued to friend nor en
My tongue could neuer learn
But now thy beautie is propo
My proude heart sues, and pr
Teach not thy lips such scorn
For kissing Lady, not for such
If thy reuengefull heart cann
Lo here I lend thee this sharp

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